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REBELLION.

A

POEM.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED

To His Excellency *PHILIP*, Earl of

CHESTERFIELD,

Lord Lieutenant General and General Governor

OF

IRELAND.

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A

POEM.

WHILE Wild Ambition dictates lawleſs Claim,
And mocks the ſleeping Tyrant with a dream;
While Crowns and Sceptres in Idea throng,
Delude the Old, and Animate the Young;
While fond Expectance of Preferment blooms,
And the mock Prince the titled Wreath aſſumes;
My Lord, permit the Muſe, by birth-right free,
To ſing of Freedom, and to ſing to Thee,
Entitled beſt to Patronize a Theme
Which oft has warm'd thee with a Patriot Flame.
When Faction wore the maſque of Public Good,
STANHOPE aroſe, and ſtemm'd th'encroaching Flood,
The firſt in crowded Senate to ariſe,
And, from the Vizor, ſtrip the Artifice,
Expoſe, at once, her Meaſures, and Pretence,
And nobly ſilence by his Eloquence;
That Conq'ring Eloquence, whoſe pow'rful Sway
Irreſolute, deſponding States obey;
Whoſe charms won o'er the Stubborn *Belgian* Lords;
For this thy Country, and thy King rewards,

His chiefeſt Honours he reflects on thee,
And delegates to Thrones, and Majeſty.

So when the Sun, in his Meridian height,
Upon the marble Deep reflects his Light,
Behold, upon the liquid Hemiſphere
Another Sun, as large, as bright appear,
The lucid Realm, enlighten'd by his Ray,
Smiles, and enjoys the propagated Day.

In time, my Lord, oh! ſave this ſinking Iſle,
Place her within the Sunſhine of thy Smile;
The Drapier's dead —— her future Guardian be,
And let her find a Nobler Swift in thee.
For now Rebellion rudely Stalks abroad,
And Idly menaces his feeble Rod;
His diſtant Threats Hibernia cannot fear,
While George rules Britain, and while Stanhope's here;
Like *Goſhen*'s Land we ſtill enjoy the Day,
And view, unharm'd, the Danger of the Fray.

When Time was young, the *firſt* Pretender fell,
Then roſe Rebellion, eldeſt-born of Hell,
Againſt Heav'n's Throne he meditates the War,
And threats wide ruin like a Blazing Star:
Th'All-potent ſaw, and mock'd his daring might;
Angels and Pow'rs aſſert their Monarch's Right;
The Mirror of his Greatneſs then aroſe,
And pour'd hot Vengeance on his Father's Foes;
Their Pride defeated, thunderſtruck they fly,
And Chours of Seraphs ſing the Victory.

E'er

E'er ſince the Spirit of Sedition reigns,
And fetter'd Faction threatens, tho' in Chains.
Thus the young Tyger, recent from the Wood,
Where long his Title undiſputed ſtood,
Quits the ſafe Deſart, and paternal Den,
And raſhly ventures 'mid the Haunts of Men,
The Toil ſurrounds him, e'er the Toil he ſpies,
Caught in the Meſhes of the Net he lies,
New to the Chain, impatient of the Laſh,
He foams indignant, and his Grinders knaſh,
His Eyes roll fierce with Impotence and Rage,
And his weak Teeth the rattling Chains engage.

Such is Rebellion, ſuch the fond Deceit
That flatters, and deludes us to our Fate;
Elſe why ſhou'd Subjects their own Peace moleſt?
Why ſpoil the Haven that had brought them reſt?
Why quit the Shade, and with Meridian Strife
Scorch the kind Boſom that reſtor'd their Life?
The Boſom that had cheriſh'd them from Ill,
And made them happy, tho' againſt their Will;
From the bleak Froſt of Perſecution's Sway,
Reſcu'd, and Cheer'd them near the Vital ray
Of Freedom's Sun; each Property ſecur'd,
And with the Walls of Liberty immur'd.

Oh reſtleſs Creature! in the Shine, or Cool,
Of ev'ry Whim, the Bubble, and the Tool;
Which thro' a Luſt, and Wantonneſs of Eaſe,
Quits the ſerener, for the rougher Seas,
And, thro' a Frenzy of the laſt Degree,
Would fain be Bonds-man, when he might be free.

What

What is this falſe, this fond Capricious Guide,
That Militates ſo ſtrong on Error's Side?
While brutal Rectitude ſtill hits the Mark,
Enlighten'd Man ſhoots wide, as in the Dark.

THERE is a willful Principle in Man,
He ſchemes a Fathom, tho' his Life's a Span;
Contempt of what he has, his Paſſion cloys,
He quits for Shadow, what he now enjoys;
Snaps at the Bone that's imag'd in the Stream,
And quits the Certain, for th'uncertain Game;
Permits the Eagle in his Hand, to fly,
For the poor Sparrow that had hit his Eye.
Others, by Diſtance of the thing deceiv'd,
Have what was Vapour, to be Light believ'd,
And down the Steep by ev'ry Meteor led,
Too late repented what they might have fled.
Thus Man deceiv'd, by Puff and Fancy nurs'd,
Struts on a Bubble, till the Bubble's burſt;
Borne on the Current of deceitful View,
Too oft a diſtant Ruin we Purſue,
And for a Moment, flatter'd by the Gale,
We take for Land, what proves a ſleeping Whale,
Wreck'd on his Side, we rouſe him from his ſleep,
He breaths Commotion o'er the troubled deep,
Too late the Dormant Miſchief is appeas'd,
And whelms us in the Deluge that we rais'd.

WHO without Horror cou'd review the Scene,
Was dire REBELLION looſen'd from his Chain?
Not the fierce Whirl-winds, rough tempeſtuous Sway,
At will wide-waſting o'er the high wrought Sea,

When

When to the Skies, the Mariner in Vain
Pours fruitleſs Vows to calm the fev'riſh Main;
Not the blue Light'ning, colleagu'd with the Storm,
Cou'd with ſuch Rage the ruffl'd Deep deform;
Not Midnight Fire ſuch Devaſtation brings,
Nor half ſuch Terror when th'Alarm-bell rings;
Not ſudden Floods from ſome ſteep Mountain's Brow
Pour on the Plains ſuch Waſte, or Ravage ſo;
Not the pale Skeleton of Famine ſtalks
O'er Towns diſpeopled, and unbeaten Walks;
More terrible in Ruin, not the Breath
Of the blue Plague, and Peſtilential Death;
So thins the Works of fair Creation's Hand,
As dire REBELLION raging o'er the Land!

Lo! the ſell Monſter ſtands confeſs'd to ſight,
Dreſs'd in the ſable Horrors of the Night,
Where he prevails, bright Freedom hides her Head,
And Sway deſpotic Rules it in her Stead,
The Midnight Ravage ſtabs the Dream of Sleep,
And Infants o'er their butcher'd Mothers Weep;
Hot Violation claſps the helpleſs Maid,
Who on her Lover calls aloud for Aid,
The Youth, expiring, hears her diſtant cries,
Help her, (he Cries) ye pitying Pow'rs, and Dies;
Fathers with Sons, and Sons with Fathers, fight,
Right is confuſ'd with Wrong, and Wrong with Right,
Precedence, Dignity, and Order fly,
And all is Chaos, Night, and Anarchy.

So when th'excentric Comet ſhoots afar,
(Tremendous Preſage of approaching War!)

His

His baleful Rays infectious Ruin pour,
Burſt on the Globe, an epidemic Show'r,
The Sword of War contending Monarchs draw,
To gath'ring Hoſts Ambition dictates Law,
The Victors follow, as the conquer'd fly,
Plung'd in the fervor of the fight they die,
Red Slaughter o'er the Sea of War preſides,
Conducts it's Billows, and it's Torrent guides.
So when the Moon in Plenitude of Light,
Her Perigean Orb diſplays to Sight,
Her pow'r prolific ſwells the teeming Waves,
And Ocean's Boſom undulating heaves.

O Peace, thou lovely and moſt welcome Gueſt!
Like the wiſh'd Port that brings the Seaman Reſt;
Come, faireſt Goddeſs, Nymph, O moſt admir'd!
Come, deck'd in Smiles, in Plenty's Robe attir'd!
O come, thou faireſt Patroneſs of Arts,
Come, and endear thee to our Stranger-hearts;
Bring with thee Science, ever blooming Maid,
Attended by her Wealthy Hand-Maid, Trade;
Oh! bring the Muſes, while our STANHOPE's here,
The Muſes ever grateful to his Ear:
So ſhall our Temples recent Laurels crown,
To pay the Muſe's Homage to his Own.

FINIS.